Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech: wherein
You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the field.
*Æne.* Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.
*Diom.* The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and ſo long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occaſion meete,
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite, and pollicy.
*Æne.* And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I ſwere:
No man alriue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
*Diom.* We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:
With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow-----.
*Æne.* We know each other well?
*Diom.* We do and long to know each other worſe.
*Par.* This is the moſt deſpightfull gentle greeting,
The noblest hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what buſineſſe
Lord ſo earely?
*Æne.* I was ſent for to the King? but why I know not.
*Par.* His purpoſe meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,
To *Calcho's* houſe, and there to render him:
For the enfreed *Anthenor* the faire *Creſſid*,
Lets haue your company, or if you pleaſe,
Haſt there before vs. I conſtantly beleeue,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night,
Rouſe him and giue him note of our approch,
With the whole quality wherefore:

I feare



I feare we ſhall be much v
*Æneas.* That I aſſure y
borne to Greece, then *Cre*
*Paris.* There is no help
The bitter diſpoſition of t
On Lord, weele follow yo
*Æneas.* Good morrow
*Paris.* And tell me nob
Euen in ſoule of ſound go
Who in your thoughts, de
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus*.
*Diom.* Both alike.
Hee merits well to haue he
Not making any ſcruple of
With ſuch a heil of paine,
And you as well to keepe
Not pallating the taſte of
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of
He like a puling Cuckold
The lees and dregs of a fla
You like a letcher out of
Are pleaſd to breed out yo
Both merits poyzd, each w
But he as he, the heauier f
*Paris.* You are too bitte
*Diom.* Shees bitter to he
For euery falſe drop in her
A Grecians life hath ſunke
Of her contaminated carri
A Troyan hath beene ſla
Shee hath not giuen ſo ma
As for her Greekes and Tr
*Paris.* Faire *Diomed* you
Diſpraiſe the thing that the
But we in ſilence hold this
Weele not commend, wha
our way. *Exeunt.* *Ex*
*Troy.* Deere, trouble no